GLORIANA.

A FUNERAL Pindarique Poem:

Sacred to the
BLESSED MEMORY
Of that Ever-admir'd and most Excellent
PRINCESS,
Our late Gracious Soveraign LADY
Queen MARY.

Written by *T. D'URFEY.*

TU Decus Omne tuis postquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipsa Pales *agros, atque Ipse reliquit* Apollo. Virg. Ecc. V.

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Briscoe*, in *Russel-street*, in *Covent-Garden.* 1695. *Price One Shilling.*

TO HIS

Illuſtrious Highneſs,

WILLIAM

Duke of *Glouceſter*, &c.

This *Funeral Pindarique POEM*, Sacred to the Bleſſed MEMORY of that Ever-admir'd and moſt Excellent PRINCESS, Our late Soveraign LADY

QUEEN MARY,

Is, with all Duty, moſt Humbly Dedicated,

BY

Your Highneſs's moſt Obedient
And Devoted Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

A FUNERAL
Pindarique Poem.

The INTRODUCTION.

I That ſo often in ſoft Lyrick Strains,
Was us'd to pleaſe the mirthful Nymphs and Swains;
My Lute and Harp upon the Willows hung,
Like the ſad *Jews*, now tune my mournful Song.
Forc'd from Delight, and Muſick's ſprightly Joys,
In Grief's hoarſe Voyce to chaunt ſad Obſequies:
Oh! therefore Thou, who nobly canſt inſpire
A frozen *Genius* with Poetick Fire;
Who *Pegaſus* a lofty Flight canſt Wing,
And teach thy Bard of mighty Deaths to ſing;
With thy beſt Influence my Brain refine,
And let my Thought be like the Theme Divine;
Heart-wounding Sorrow let my Verſe infuſe,
And in this Work aſſiſt me, *Sacred Muſe.*

I.

NOW from the Ruins of deſtroying Time,
And mouldring Flaws of craz'd Antiquity,
Had that fam'd * Palace, which to fix his Praiſe,
That Potent Prelate built in our VIII. *Henry*'s days,
Begun anew to be ſublime,
And raiſe from falling State her glittring Turrets high:
Now had each thoughtful Head, and skilful Hand
Of the beſt Architects throughout the Land,
Obey'd their Soveraign Lady's dread Command,
With buſie Induſtry to join
United Art, and make the Building fine.
And *Adam*'s trueſt Sons their Work had done;
So far excelling all in other Gardens ſhewn,
As if he there Himſelf had us'd his Primitive Spade,
And from his Maker had juſt learn'd the Trade.
Grotto's, to paſs the Summer's ſcorching Hours;
Cool Walks, Aſcents, Labyrinths of choiceſt Flowers;
With curious Fountains, raviſhing the Eye,
With artificial Springs in ſweet variety.
Nor was Art's chiefeſt Labour ſeen
Leſs, in the Rooms within,
Since *England*'s beſt of Beauties grac'd th'Apartment of the *Queen*,
By *Kneller*'s famous Pencil, made t'enfold
Their Charms, as great *Vandike*, or as *Apelles* did of old:

And

[* Hampton-Court *firſt built by Cardinal* Wolſey.

And She herſelf in Splendor there
Divinely bright would oft appear,
The Influencer of the Spring, and Goddeſs of the Year.
When the unuſual Rayes that ſhone
From the bleſt Window Rivalling the Sun,
Caus'd Reverend *Thames* from his Green Oozy Bed,
To lift his dropping Head,
And make his Stream with a ſlow pace glide on,
Unwilling from that glorious ſight to run;
Whilſt wanton Billows daſh'd the Wall's ſtrong Side,
Proud to embrace each Marble there with a full ſwelling Tide.

II.

This Glorious Fabrick whoſe Renown
Had oft from each adjacent Town
Drawn Crowds, whoſe itching Curioſity
Preſt daily on to ſee
Some new Additions made,
The Maſter-piece of every Trade;
Each Room contriv'd, each Office faſhion'd right
For Uſe as well as Pleaſure and Delight.
Products of niceſt Wit, and more of *Royal Huſwifry.*
One fatal Day damn'd in the Book of Fate,
A Day henceforth horrid as that to come
When Sinners ſhall receive their dreadful doom,
And Nature crawls from its ſad gloomy home,

Body'd

Body'd anew, and form'd in second Birth,
From Aſhes that a Thouſand Years had lain confus'd in Earth.
The Sacred Writ of Reſurrection to fulfil,
And God's Almighty Will
This Day had lent its fatal Light to more
Then uſually came there to gaze before.
The *London* Silks, mixt with the Country Friez,
Dull clouted Peaſants throng'd like ſwarms of Bees;
All Sects, Diſtinctions, and Degrees,
Chattering their various Opinions loud;
With theſe too came a grumbling Crowd
Of envious Spies, the Sons of Shame,
Whoſe vile inveterate and inbred Hate,
Curſt even each Wall, and every Gate,
Adorn'd with *Cæſar*'s and bright *Gloriana*'s Name:
Their Faces all by Nature ſtigmatiz'd,
All ominous; each Look ſome future Ill advis'd:
So once when Glory ſounded to Alarms,
And call'd hot-blooded Warriours to their Arms;
When Two great Hoſts of equal Power
Were ready to engage, and Ruine to devour,
Flocks of portentous Crows did hovering wait
Upon the Butchery of Fate,
With Croaks proclaim'd th' expected Hour of Jubile,
To gorge upon the Feaſt of Death which quickly was to be.

III.

III.

For lo, whilſt on this happy Place,
With ſullen Aſpect, and Hearts void of Grace,
They caſt around their envious Eyes,
Like Mizers on another's Golden Joyes;
Or *Satan*, when he firſt ſaw Paradiſe,
A Trumpet loud was heard to ſound,
Which echoing from the vaulted Ground,
Made known to each Spectator there,
The Royal Miſtreſs of the Pile was near:
Scarce could they look but th' glittering Coach was ſeen,
Dazling all Eyes with its rich weight the *Queen*.
Who came to view the pleaſurable Seat,
Where ſhe deſign'd in Summer her retreat;
And now the Buds that Froſty Winter aw'd,
Bleſt by her Beams, began to peep abroad;
The Earth felt genial heat, and every Flower
Sprung forth, to prove Her influencing Power:
Each Statue ſeem'd to bow its humble Head,
And as ſome new *Pigmalion* had made
More Images, and did ſome God invoke
To give 'em Breath, and every one had ſpoke:
Such face of lively utterance had they,
Whilſt every ſpeaking Geſture ſeem'd to ſay,

Enter bright Goddeſs here, and bleſs your Throne,
Fix'd now for Ages, enter to your own.
She did, and now there was no need to be
As in old Times, a Houſhold Deity:
Defence more ſtrongly was prepar'd,
She was the Manſion's Sacred Guard:
Her Eyes were *Lares* and *Penates* too,
That upon all around auſpicious Bleſſings threw.
Then ſtraight the buſtling Train about her throng,
Watching each Nod or Accent of her Tongue.
The happy Creatures by her influence bred,
That daily on her Bounty fed,
With an officious Diligence ſtrove
T' expreſs their Duty and their Love,
By entertaining her with talk
Of this or t'other Walk;
How Artful the Contrivance was, how Good:
Or from ſome Window where She ſtood,
Of ſuch ſweet Flowers, rarely ſeen,
This pleaſant Tree, that pretty Green;
Whilſt She, full of Humility's beſt Grace,
An eaſie Goodneſs ſhining in her Face,
Anſwers returns, ſo ſoft and free,
So far from Pride, or thought of Dignity,
As if all Speakers there were of the ſame Degree.
Each Word She ſpoke, like Magick charm'd,
And every Hearer's Boſom warm'd;
The glad Attendants liſt'ning all ſtood by; All

All bleſs'd jointly with ſilent Joy,
All basking in Her Gracious Beams, amongſt the reſt was I.

IV.

An humble Off-ſpring of *Apollo*'s Race,
I, fortunate, had in Her Eyes found Grace;
And to each ſacred *Muſe*'s Ear
The joyful News could bear,
That SHE
Not only was Goddeſs of Vertue, Clemency,
Of Beauty; but, what's more, *a Patroneſs of Poetry.*
My Lyrick *Genius* Honour'd with Her Praiſe,
My Tow'ring Thoughts ſo high did raiſe,
How poor to me ſeem'd Publick Fame! How wither'd look'd the [Bays!
Dramatick Fancy too could cauſe,
From Her Angelick Courteſie, Applauſe,
When on the Stage at *Sancho*'s Comick Toil,
She graciouſly would condeſcend to ſmile:
And whilſt Her Mirth did th' Crowding Court engage,
I, in my turn, laugh'd too, at the poor Snarler's of the Age.
Nor was Her Praiſe, like others, only Sound;
But with a full Hand back'd, and Royal Bounty crown'd,
Far more than my Ambition could deſire,
Or my few Services require.
Hold here, my Muſe; pull back thy Reins;
Let *Pegaſus* no longer here take pains,

Her

Her numerous Vertues, or my Loſs t'expreſs;
Let thoſe be ſtoried in another place,
Whilſt downward falling from this Mount of Joy,
Where thou haſt long been Revelling ſo high,
And with exalted Fancy ſtrove t'expreſs
Great *Gloriana*'s, and in Hers, thy Happineſs.
In Words of deepeſt Horrour now relate
The End of that ſad Day, and all the Accidents of Fate.

V.

The Sun now poſting to his wat'ry Bed,
The Evening was with gloomy Clouds o'er-ſpread,
The *Queen*, that ſaw his Race was almoſt run,
In haſt prepar'd too to be gone:
The Charioteer obeys, the Horſes proudly Neigh.
And now, as if they knew
The Glorious Weight they drew,
With an unuſual Swiftneſs cut the yielding Way:
I homewards too retir'd;
But found my ſelf, alas! not now inſpir'd
With any *Genius* for Poetry,
Such as they on theſe Occaſions us'd to be.
But ominous Melancholy preſs'd
My Spirits, and with ſtrange Infection fill'd my Breaſt.
The Faculties and Orders of my Soul,
Thoughts ſad as Death did now controul:

III.

I haſtned to my Bed, but could not reſt,
Till with long Watching tir'd, a troubled Slumber eas'd
My weary'd Senſe, or rather fatal Numbneſs ſeiz'd
My vital Parts all o'er, whilſt to my Eye
In viſionary Scenes was ſhewn this Prodigy.

VI.

A Royal Banquet in a ſpacious Place,
Hung round with Arras, figuring the Race
Of Gods, of Hero's, and of Kings,
And wondrous Stories of moſt wondrous Things,
Methought I ſaw prepar'd; at which, in State,
The Gracious *Gloriana* ſate;
Around her all the Nobles of the Land,
Thoſe that bore Office and Command,
Place, or Dependance from the Crown,
With others alſo that had none.
In order were grave Heads that Miters wore,
Grandees that held White Rods, Judges in Robes with Furr;
And round the Hall on large Degrees rais'd high,
Another Auguſt Company,
The great Supporters of the Diadem,
And of the Nations Glory and Eſteem.
The *Engliſh* Commons ſate,
Like the Diſpoſers of Reſolving Fate,

Who from the prying Crowd did Reverence draw,
By Looks with ſigns of Knowledge grac'd, and Legiſlative Awe.
Next theſe were mix'd a Number more
Promiſcuouſly, that Office bore;
And each in's happy Station did reveal
The ſecret Joy his Heart did feel,
Down from the Pages that attend, up to the Potent Seal.
And now the tuneful Fancy's chief Delight,
Muſick, made brisk the Pleaſure of the Night:
Rare Comick Artiſts enter ſtraight the Place,
Creatures of *Harlequin*'s diverting Race,
And skill'd in Geſture, Humour, and Grimace,
Add to the Pleaſure of the Feaſt.
Next theſe, to entertain the Royal Gueſt,
A Troop of Youths, all like *Adonis* dreſs'd,
When *Venus* firſt her warm Deſire expreſs'd,
A Bevy of ſweet Virgins led to Dance,
Young, innocent, and fair,
As Nature's primitive Off-ſpring were.
An artful Meaſure newly taught from *France*,
The Flutes and Hautboys proving ſtill,
Their charming Notes and choiceſt Skill;
Action and Muſick ſtriving there to be
Beſt in their kind; yet to divert, agree.
And now ſweet Air the Prize obtains, now mirthful mimick Buf-
[foonry.

VII. But

VII.

But whilſt this Scene of General Joy
In ev'ry Face appear'd,
All bleſs'd with *Gloriana*'s gracious Eye,
Who, pleas'd with what ſhe ſaw and heard,
With freedom gave her Satisfaction Vent,
And full of eaſie Goodneſs, ſhew'd her Pleaſure and Content;
From the ſwoln Boſom of a gloomy Cloud,
A Thunder-Clap was heard ſo loud,
With ſuch a frightful Sound,
As when the Mighty SAVIOUR dy'd,
The Sacred Temple did divide;
And Divine Vengeance rent the trembling Ground;
Amazing Horrour ſtraight ſurpriz'd each Face,
Nor now could that Majeſtick Grace
That late in *Gloriana* ſhon, appear;
For even She grew chang'd with Fear;
Her charming Face with deadly Pale o'er-caſt,
Look'd like a beautious Flower ſtruck with a withering Blaſt:
Then ſtreight, methought, the Room was ſeen to cleave,
Rafters torn out, the tottering Building leave:
Whilſt Eaſtward from the Sky,
A radiant Form deſcending, charm'd each Eye,
With Glories of immenſe Divinity.

Four Cherubs that on th' Angel came to wait,
  Whoſe awful Looks a Power diſplay'd, ſuperiour to Fate,
Went up where *England*'s Guardian Regent ſate,
  Her ſeiz'd; then with their precious Load withdrew,
And thro' the wide expanding Air, to their Third Heaven flew:
  Whilſt *Uriel*, for now might each one ſee
By his bright glittering Form and lucid Front, 'twas He;
  One of the Glorious Seven that always ſtand
In ſight of God's high Throne, on his Right-hand,
  And to the Lower World ſtill bears his dread Command;
With Sacred Voice thus ſpoke, whilſt every ſtander by,
  On the bleſt Orator fix'd an heedful Eye, [Embaſſy.
All charm'd with the Embaſſador, and thirſting all to hear his

VIII.

Not yet, Oh ſinful People, are your Crimes
  Blotted from the Eternal's Memory;
The faults of paſt and preſent Times,
  In the Omnipotent's all-ſeeing Eye,
Bear yet too freſh and deep a Dye,
To let his Juſtice grant ye true Felicity.
  Inſtead of that your vile Offences are
  Writ in ſo large a Scrowl, he muſt prepare
    Severeſt Vengeance, greater far, and more
Then e'er yet ſcourg'd your ſtubborn Land, or *Egypt* heretofore.
The Plague of Frogs, of Locuſts, and of Lice,

Or

Or Cryſtal Currents turn'd to Blood;
Where all the fetter'd Fiſh in vain deviſ'd,
With Finny Wings to ſcape the goary Mud,
Equals not half the Wrath to you is bent,
Not half the Curſe, not half the Puniſhment.
Your *Queen*, your Earthly Goddeſs here below,
To whoſe excelling Vertue you your Bleſſings owe;
Whoſe Smile, like the bright Ruler of the Day,
When he on Nature does his Beams diſplay,
Made all things flouriſh, all things grow.
Your *Gloriana* whom you ſo adore,
(Ah wretch'd beyond thought) ſhall bleſs your Eyes no more.
Thus has the angry Maker doom'd, and His Decree
Is thus pronounc'd by me;
The dear-lov'd *Genius* of your Land ſhall die,
And paſs thro' Nature to Eternity;
From Mortal Cares, Immortal Bleſſings prove,
And leave a fading Glory here for laſting Joys above.
But ah, even I muſt grieve to tell the reſt,
E'er her bright Soul is diſpoſſeſs'd,
Her Body muſt a dreadful Trial Taſte,
And cruel and remorſleſs Fate,
Upon her Mortal part ſhew his extreameſt Hate.
This ſpoke, the glittering Angel diſappear'd;
And now methought was heard
A confuſs'd horrid Noiſe
Of Shrieks, and Groans, and Cries;

The glorious Scene too chang'd, and in it's ſtead,
Infernal Night her blackeſt Fogs had ſpread
Over the baleful Place, dark as the Regions of the Dead.

IX.

Till by ſome Flaſhes of Ætherial Fire,
And fatal Fulgur glimmering Light was lent,
Which ſhew'd a Cavern where the Fates retire,
And where in dreadful Shades their horrid Hours are ſpent;
Around the Place were ugly ſhapes of Death,
Raw Skeletons; and all the Floor beneath
With heaps of Skulls and Bones was ſcatter'd o'er
Of Men that had been mighty heretofore, [Gore;
Mingl'd with Scrolls of Human Names, ſpotted and ſtain'd with
Brought thither by a griſly Train,
Which for that Work the Siſters entertain;
Diſeaſes call'd, a foul miſhapen Crew,
That Thouſands daily to Deſtruction drew;
And firſt with numerous Scrolls came *Feaver*, witherd, lean,
His heart and Entrails ſcorch'd within,
With unſeen Fire that long had flaming been.
Next him remorſleſs *Plague* his Charge reſign'd:
Swoln *Dropſie* then with ſlow *Conſumption* joyn'd,
Their deadly Labels brought; more loyter'd too behind.
Chattring with one that ſtood, as I look'd back,
Attir'd in a Phyſicians Robe, but was, I found, a Quack:

In

In Phyſick or in Metaphyſick Sence,
And only fam'd for lucky Impudence,
Proud, Drunken, Noiſie, ſtill unus'd to Cure,
Here therefore known to be
A nearer Favourite of the Fatal Three,
For practiſing the Art of Killing, ſure.
But amongſt all that on this Office came,
Death's Friends and Agents, Gouty, Blind, and Lame,
I ſaw, methought, one bring a Scroll,
That with new Terror fill'd my Soul,
A Scroll where in large Characters was *Gloriana*'s Name.
Trembling at this, I nearer preſt,
And ſaw all full of Sores, his Head, Hands, Breaſt,
More foul and loathſome he than all the reſt;
His odious Name *Small-Pox*, whom when pleas'd *Clotho* ſaw,
She ſtreight a ſlender Thread was ſeen to draw.
Which envious *Lacheſis* ſoon on the Diſtaff put;
And *Atropos* as ſoon prepar'd with bloody Shears to cut:
Then each with diſmal yelling Voice,
And helliſh Grin ſeem'd to rejoyce,
To know the World ſhould loſe ſuch an ineſtimable Prize.

X.

'Twas here the Viſion left my fetter'd Sence,
Here Fears anew 'gan to commence,
And Grief ſtraight follow'd cloſe; for ſcarce my Eyes
Had made their Opticks free from Sleep's ſurprize, But

But to my Ears the Horror enter'd in
Of dreadful News, the Sickneſs of the *Queen*;
And that a fatal Cold in her late Journey caught,
A terrible Diſtemper brought:
Too true 'twas found; for now each Hour, accurſt,
Flew with more fatal Tidings than the firſt;
From bad to worſe, till the Third diſmal Day,
We heard the Life of our *Britannia* lay,
The Prize of Death, juſt languiſhing away:
That darling Life more precious than the ſtore
Of *India*'s Gemms, or univerſal Oar.
Oh Heaven! Maugre all our Tears,
Our fervent Wiſhes, and our Prayers,
The Skill which all the poring Sons of Art
With niceſt Judgment could impart,
One ravenous Diſeaſe had power,
In a few Moments to devour,
And by Commiſſion from Eternal Will,
Mock'd the Divines, and the Phyſicians Skill.
Thus when Omnipotence does Bleſſings give,
He thus aſſerts His High Prerogative;
When ſerv'd, beſtows the Gifts we all partake;
And when his Grace we loſe, he calls 'em back:
Wiſely demonſtrating Superiour Right,
The Creature's Merit, the Creator's Might.
But now, O Muſe! how can thy Influence
So far inſpire my Senſe!

How

How ſhall my ill-performing Pen and Hand,
Deſcribe the guſhing Sorrows of the Land!
Paint *Europe*'s general Woe, and of that Woe the Chief,
Our *CÆSAR*'s boundleſs and unequall'd Grief!
See on the Ground the Godlike Hero laid,
Struck with the Thunder of the Sound, *SHE's Dead!*
That Royal Heart unus'd to fear,
When dreadful Danger was moſt near,
Like *Sampſon*, when he loſt the Guardian Hair,
One Word has almoſt weaken'd to deſpair.
Now did his Eyes, whom Courage could inſpire,
To gaze on th' dreadful Cannons Burſt of Fire;
That Wars moſt horrid Face unfear'd could ſee,
And Friends and Kinſmen ſtain'd in Gore with Manly Bravery,
Melt into Showres of Tears, which in big Drops did fall,
Springing for *England*'s Loſs, as well as Paſſion Conjugal.
Now the Majeſtick Purple that he wore,
Each Hour encreas'd his Sorrow more;
Which with the Train of Mourners that ſtood by,
Each with a frightful Look and wat'ry Eye,
Made the vaſt Deluge ſwell ſo univerſally,
That all around Grief ſo immenſe appears,
As if the World a modern way, were to be drown'd in Tears;
Our hapleſs Land, a Woe particular,
Beyond the reſt of Nations did prefer;
And whilſt new Seas of Brine ſurround our chalky Shore,
Albion was ne'er ſo true an Iſle before.

XI.

Oh, *Albion!* in Thy Loſs more curſt by far,
Than in all Ruines of thy Civil War!
Thy flouriſhing Soil's a barren Deſart now,
Sad as thy Native's Weeds, and clowded as each Brow;
Bend thy aſpiring Head, let Aſhes crown
Thy haughty Front, and for paſt Crimes attone;
That like offending *Nineveh* of old,
Dire Deſolation by this Blow foretold,
May, by thy humble Sackcloth, be delay'd,
And Heav'ns conſuming Vengeance by Repentance ſtay'd.
Ah! now my drooping Muſe is at a ſtand,
My Pen ſhakes in my trembling Hand,
At my bold daring thus my Thoughts to raiſe,
On *Gloriana*'s Theme, or Praiſe,
Vertues that ne'er have equall'd been, nor will in future Days.
That Royal Virgin that ſo long maintain'd
The *Engliſh* Croſs, and with ſuch Judgment Reign'd;
That Forty Years the Joys and Toyls of glorious Empire knew,
Ne'er ſuch Applauſe or Adoration drew,
As Matchleſs *Gloriana* in Her few.
That happy Princeſs Govern'd when
Obedience was a Gift in Men;
When mild Allegiance bow'd to Soveraign Awe,
And Duty was contiguous with Law.

But

But *Gloriana*, when forc'd to put on
The weighty Trouble of a Crown,
For the Peoples Satisfaction, not her own,
In a hot Ferment found the State
Perplex'd with Factions, Jarring, and Debate;
And with ſad Heart ſubmits to Heav'n's Decree,
Tortur'd between Her Country's Cauſe, and filial Piety.
Yet ſtill encourag'd by celeſtial Aid,
The Royal Shepherdeſs divinely ſway'd,
Held out Her Crook, and the rude Herd obey'd,
And as the famous *Thracian* Poet once
Drew to his Lyre Brutes, Birds, and Trees, and Stones;
So th' Savage *Engliſh* by mild Arts ſhe tam'd;
Some curſt the Cauſe, but none the Conduct blam'd;
Her Foes her charming Grace ſo much had won,
The worſt but faintly envy'd Her the Throne.

XII.

So *Heſter*, who her Nation's Rights reſtor'd,
For Piety and Wiſdom was ador'd;
And ſo will *Gloriana*'s Name eterniz'd be,
Through future Years to all Poſterity.
Who now, ſad *Britain*, can protect thy State
Like Her, from publick Feuds, and private Hate,
When *Cæſar* (*tho' predeſtin'd Conqueror*) goes
To meet our foreign Foes?

Who

Who with a Look effectual as Law,
(As ſhe ſtill did) the ſtubborn Crowd can awe.
Yoke their rebellious Necks, and make 'em draw.
Or who like Her could e'er ſupport
The Cares of State, the Management o'th' Court,
For Her dear Lord abroad, the fear,
And for her People's Safety here?
Ah, none! She was the only Laſt and Beſt;
The Saint is gone, and Miracles are ceas'd.
And well might She the Name of Saint deſerve,
Who the Almighty did ſo truly ſerve:
Her regular Devotion ev'ry Day,
Might even teach Piety it ſelf to Pray.
None could be wicked in Her Service bleſt,
Her Holy Flame divinely warm'd each Breaſt:
Example thus, the Good began, and Shame perform'd the reſt.
Nor was Her Wife-like Vertue leſs admir'd,
But every Breaſt where Honour was, inſpir'd;
So much, that even our ſenſual Nation,
Began their Brutal Crimes to ſee,
And honeſt Wedlock-Amity
Began again to be in faſhion.
Thus all Her Hours did ſtrict Goodneſs ſway;
Angelically thus She ſpent each Day,
Thoughtleſs of Ill, unleſs 'twere to prevent;
Her mirthful Minutes too, ſo innocent,

As

As if a Life divine She meant to try,
Before She came to die,
And th' Great Diſpoſer of Her Soul were alway ſtanding by.

XIII.

For Pity too, and Heav'nly Charity,
None ever ſo renown'd as She;
So mildly th' Scales of Juſtice did Command,
And held the Sword in ſuch a guiltleſs Hand,
That even the Malefactors of the Land,
In Murders train'd, and Traitors made for Hire;
Nay, tho' they durſt againſt her precious Life conſpire,
And thereby Puniſhment more juſtly drew,
Than th' reſt of the incorrigible Crew,
She ne'er was found the more ſevere,
Nor ever Deaths Black Warrant ſign'd, but wet it with a Tear.
Then, were that great Apoſtle here to ſee
(That preach'd Salvation, gain'd, by Works of Charity)
Her wondrous Mercies in that kind,
And the unweary'd Bounties of Her Mind,
Far above all the reſt,
He'd ſoon pronounce Her bleſt,
And fix for her a Heavenly Seat next the moſt High Degree.
She needed but a ſmall Tranſlation there;
The Angel was more than half perfect here.

Poor *Hugonots*, by the *French* Tyrant driven
From their Abodes, for the dear ſake of Heaven,
Forlorn, and ſtarving in the Fields,
Her pitying Boſom ſacred Manna yields.
In Numbers from the giving Angel they receiv'd,
And Numbers daily her bleſt Hand reliev'd.
Nay, even the Obſtinate that ne'er would own
Allegiance, or Her Title to the Throne,
In ſpight of ſtubborn Nature forc'd have been
To grant, a Goodneſs ſo ſerene
Their better *Genius* was, if not their *Queen*.
O ſacred Vertue! there is ſtill in Thee
So ſweet a Charm, ſuch true Divinity,
That when Thou wilt unfold Thy beauteous Face,
And with Thy Beams frail Human Nature Grace:
How pall'd to Thee the World's beſt Pleaſures are!
How ſickly do they taſte! How wretchedly appear!
Thou (Divine Eſſence) always didſt inſpire
Bleſt *Gloriana* with Thy hallow'd Fire;
The Royal Saint was ſtill a Type of Thee,
As Thou art of Angelick Piety.

XIV.

Mighty in Power, yet mild ſtill as a Dove;
Not proud, yet Charming as the Queen of Love;

Devout

Devout as Deb'rah *at a Sacrifice*;
Chaſte like Suſanna, *and like* Sheba *Wife*;
Like Michol *kind and dutious to Her Lord*;
And like a Saviour loſt, lamented and ador'd.
More Attributes, much more might be expreſt,
But Sorrow ſtops my Pen, and Sighs the reſt;
My Muſe grows weary with this Glut of Woe,
And now no more can do;
Only, methinks, I ſee from high
A radiant Cherub ſoaring through the Sky,
Saying, Let Women be no more defam'd,
Nor ever henceforth for paſt Frailty blam'd;
Th'unbounded Vertues of this *ONE*,
Do amply for their Faults attone,
With the Eternal Compenſation make,
And all the reſt of Female kind are pardon'd for Her ſake.

FINIS.